

The Mirror

OF

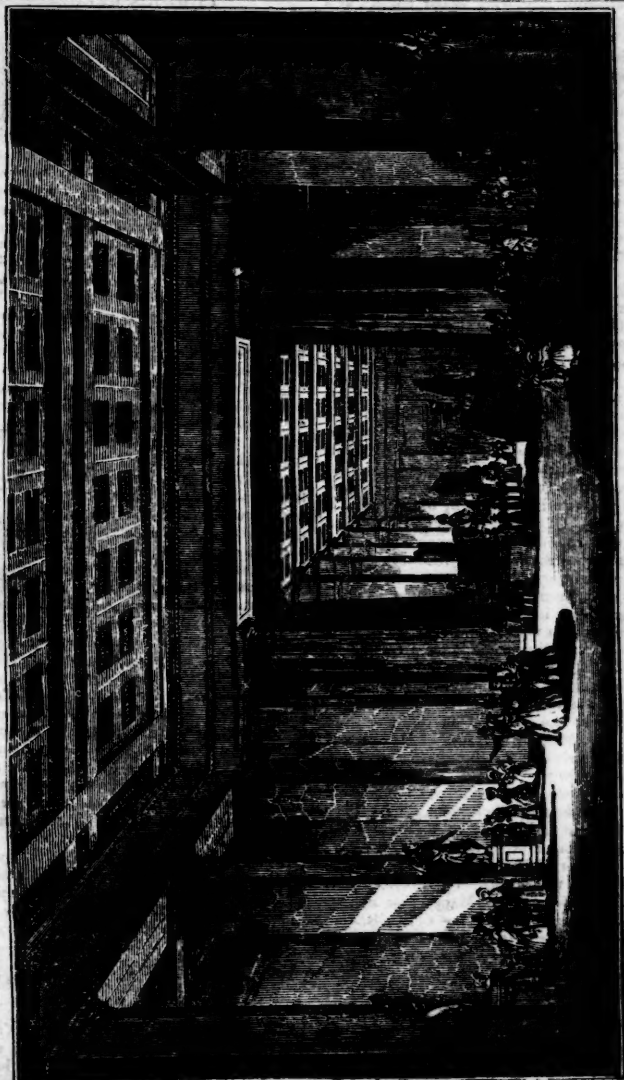
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE EGYPTIAN SALOON.

Vol. xxx.

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE EGYPTIAN SALOON.

It is with sincere gratification that we present the annexed Engraving to our readers, as a specimen of the important additions which have been for some years in progress at the British Museum. Large sums of the public money have, it is true, been set apart for these improvements; but, we feel assured that the magnificence of the Saloon here represented, bespeaks the just appropriation of the national funds. The architect of the new buildings is Sir Robert Smirke; and the present must be considered as a fine exemplar of that substantial massiveness and classic purity which characterize the majority of Sir Robert's designs. Of the order of that before us, the Doric, *par excellence*, "the Grecian," it has been truly said: "What robust solidity in the column! what massive grandeur in the entablature! what harmony in its simplicity, not destitute of ornament, but possessing that ornament alone with which taste dignifies and refines the conception of vigorous genius." The soffit ceilings of this vast apartment are remarkably fine; and the ornaments throughout have that classic beauty which has just been commended as one of the characteristics of its order. The building forms the inner northern side of the new quadrangle.

The noble relics of art assembled within these walls are indeed worthy of so palatial a depository. Of them it has been well observed that "the colossal dimensions in which some figures are exhibited, the hardness of the materials employed, and the strange combinations of the human and animal form, all unite in exciting an intense desire to know in what country and in what age of the world, such marvellous specimens of human art were produced."²

We shall not be expected to enumerate the 181 "Antiquities" in this room, especially as the price of the *Synopsis* has been reduced one half. Many of the articles were collected by the French in different parts of Egypt, and came into the possession of the English army in consequence of the capitulation of Alexandria, in the month of September, 1801. They were brought to England in February, 1802, under the care of General Turner, and were sent, by order of His Majesty, King George the Fourth, to the British Museum. Thus far the spoils of war. Many other articles have been purchased from Mr. Salt's Collection; and several have been presented by different travellers. Among the most celebrated items, (some of which may be recognised in the Engraving,) are the lions couchant of red granite;

* In the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, "The British Museum: Egyptian Antiquities," one of the best works of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; which has done much, and will do much more, towards extending the knowledge of the genius of the ancient Egyptians.

the colossal heads from Carnak and Thebes; the Rosetta Stone; basalt obelisks, and granite columns, sphinges, &c.

CURIOUS RELIC.

(To the Editor.)

THERE is, in the possession of a family near Exeter, a singular relic of antiquity, which was found in a field by a girl employed in picking stones, and which long lay disregarded in her mother's cottage, or was carelessly rolled about the floor as a plaything by an infant.

The specimen in question consists of a solid piece of granite, very finely grained, hard and heavy, and curiously veined with green and white. The size is small, being but eight inches in circumference, and, when set upright upon the table, standing about three and a quarter in height. It is in excellent preservation, and is elaborately carved into the fantastic form of a grim death's head, which, though rude in design, and inaccurate in proportions, is not without a certain degree of elegance in execution. From the centre of the forehead, which is remarkably low, a volute ornament, in bas relief, branches off on each side of the temples towards the back of the skull, where it terminates, and forms a kind of double horn. Here it is met by continuous lines, which are carved with the nicest regularity beneath the jaws. The position of the ears is denoted by a figure of a similar description, which is pierced by a cylindrical perforation, transversely through the head, and has been drilled with much skill and accuracy; thus admitting of the head being formed into a hammer. This has occasioned much and various speculation, until it was suggested that it had, as such, once headed the war-club of a hero of the olden time. This supposition is much strengthened by the dark-stained hue of the skull and jaws, which would in this way form the ends of the hammer, and which have evidently been imbrued in blood. I am not antiquary sufficient to determine by whom this formidable weapon was originally borne, whether by an aboriginal "Clavigerus," or by some grim warrior of the Trans-Atlantic tribes, from whose far shores it might not improbably have been adventitiously transferred to ours; but I am not without a hope that among your many ingenious Correspondents a solution to the mystery may be obtained.

IOTA.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BLIND SON.

In the course of my different voyages, (and in early life they were frequent, for I was chaplain on board a man-of-war,) I have repeatedly heard a ship designated a floating

temporary prison, and have seen its occupants, for the time being, practise the art of self-tormenting with the greatest possible success. Now, had they possessed that happy temperament which, like some plants found in tropical climates, can draw pure water even from the arid rock, how differently would they have regarded their temporary confinement. In too many instances, alas! they resembled the Upas tree, which draws its poison from the same soil that nourishes the innoxious weed.

These reflections are caused by the remembrance of a most affecting incident that once befell me whilst on my passage to New-York, on private business.

I had often been interested by the amiable and unaffected demeanour of a young man who was quite blind, and who seldom appeared amongst us excepting at meals. It so happened that I had never sat sufficiently near to him to hear distinctly what he said; but, from the rivetted attention of those around him, I doubted not that his mind was highly cultivated.

As Mr. Denman, for such I learned was his name, never took wine, he did not remain with his fellow-passengers long after dinner, but generally accompanied his mother when she retired. He was but seldom on deck, and when he did walk there, he chose those hours during which it was but little frequented for doing so. It one day happened that from the absence of several persons who usually sat near him at dinner, a vacancy was made by which I was enabled to obtain the seat I had long wished for. As I was, in a manner, a stranger to Mr. Denman, he was, at first, rather reserved; but, after a short time, some observations I happened to make on the providence of God seemed to strike him rather forcibly, and turning round to me, he said, "I hope, sir, we shall become better acquainted."

"The wish, sir, is mutual," was my reply. We then entered into conversation, and whether in an old or a young man, never has it been my lot to meet with so truly elegant a mind.

I one day hinted to Mr. Denman that he must have read a great deal, as he seemed so conversant with the best works on most subjects. "My reading," replied he, "has not been so general as you imagine, and the books I read myself are not nearly so well impressed on my memory as those which have been read to me by my mother. The reason I believe to be this: when my sight allowed me to return to any book which I might have read in order to supply the defects of memory, I took less pains in mastering its subject; but, now that I feel that my amusement during many hours must depend, in a great measure, on the attention I give to the work then being read to me, I concentrate

on it whatever powers of attention and memory I may possess, and from thus digesting the subject and conversing on it, I am enabled to view it in most of its bearings. Thus, you see that my blindness in this instance, as in many others, proves a benefit."

How much did I admire his resignation under a misfortune that, but too frequently, is used by those who are thus afflicted as an excuse for tormenting all who surround them! I could not help saying to him, "When I am inclined to be out of humour at any little privation I may now endure, I am often checked in its expression by the sight of your contentment and resignation under so severe a calamity."

"If," resumed he, smiling, "you go on flattering me thus, you will have much to answer for, for you will make me vain."

Mr. Denman was very tall, and I should think had once been stout; he was then deplorably thin. His face expressed the most benevolent disposition, and though all to him was dark, yet the rays of mental light penetrated through the veil of flesh, and illumined a countenance then far from handsome. It, doubtless, had once been otherwise; but some very deep scars so disfigured his features, that had the expression been different, it would have been decidedly ugly.

I one day missed Mr. Denman at our dinner table, and inquired of his mother, who was a most sensible, intelligent woman, as to its cause.

"Albert is slightly indisposed," was her reply, "but I hope, ere long, he will be able to rejoin us."

"I shall be very glad to see your son again. He appears very amiable, and certainly is one of the best informed young men I ever met with. His affection for you appears unbounded, and he never mentions you but in terms of the deepest gratitude."

"And yet the debt of gratitude is on my side," replied Mrs. Denman, "for he saved my life at the risk of his own."

"Indeed! will you pardon my curiosity if I ask how that happened?"

"Most willingly; in truth, I am not sorry that your curiosity has been awakened. I never wish to obtrude the concerns of either my boy or myself on others, but my poor Albert acted so heroically on a most trying occasion, that I feel all a mother's pride in recounting it. I am a widow. My husband was an officer, and died while fighting for his country on the field of battle. Had it not been for the scanty pittance called the widow's pension, my infants and myself would have been thrown on the wide world without any visible means of support."

"At the time of my husband's death I was the sorrowing mother of four children. He who knows best what is good for us, took three of them to himself ere sin had

stained them, and left me the one you know. It was a most severe trial to see my little darlings sicken and fade away from me one after another, but from my youth I had been taught that every misfortune is a blessing in disguise, and is sent to detach our affections from things of this world, that we may better fix them on those of eternity.

"During Albert's childhood, I was his sole instructor, and it was only by dint of the most severe economy that I was enabled to save enough to send him to a good day-school when his age prevented my longer continuance of the pleasing task.

"Albert had not been more than two days at school before he established his character for probity and honour. One of the boys who was almost a total stranger to him, offered Albert some apples, and as they were of that sort which does not often fall into the hands of schoolboys, my son, before taking them, asked whence they had been procured: after some hesitation the boy replied, 'from master's garden.' Albert started back with horror at the thought of joining in such an act of robbery, and spoke so forcibly to the culprit on the subject, that he at length consented to allow Albert to restore them to the place from whence he had taken them. As the master of the school felt assured that the wind had not caused the fall of so many apples at one time, he resolved on instituting an inquiry into the matter, and, the next morning, when all parties were assembled, he stated his opinion on the subject, and called upon the offender to stand forth.

"Albert immediately obeyed the summons, and approached the doctor with great self-possession. The astonishment of the worthy man was extreme, and he exclaimed, 'Is it possible that *you*, Albert Denman, have been guilty of theft?'

"Excuse me, sir, I do not see that my answering your question as to who put the apples under the tree, necessarily implies that I have stolen any.' A high sense of honour caused my boy's cheeks to become scarlet as he uttered the last words.

"Who *did* pick them, then?' sternly inquired the master.

"Albert was silent, for he had determined on keeping the secret as to the real offender. The question was again repeated with a like effect. The doctor then became very angry, and said, 'Your silence, sir, shows that *you* are the offender; prepare for punishment.'

"I will, sir. Honour obliges me to disobey your commands in one respect, but not in this. I am ready.' Albert here stood forth, folded his arms, and looked so totally unlike a person capable of being guilty of such meanness, that the master hesitated. At this moment the old gardener appeared with a small, red pocket-handkerchief in his hand, and going up to the doctor said,

'Plase ye'er Honour, I've jist found this here rag in the branches of that there apple-tree which ha' been robbed.'

"Thank you, John; perhaps this handkerchief may throw some light on the affair.' He here examined the handkerchief, and in one corner found the letters, T. B.

"T. B. To which of you boys do those initials belong?"

"Tom Brown, sir. Tom Brown, sir,' resounded from all sides, and right glad were many of his comrades to see him exposed, for a more contemptible, mean character than the said Tom Brown did not exist.

"Tom Brown, stand forth,' shouted the master, and the delinquent answered by slinking back. He was at length pushed forward, and received the punishment intended for Albert, who from that day enjoyed a high place in the esteem of both master and scholars.

"A friend of my husband, whose life had been saved by him, testified his gratitude by leaving me at his decease sufficient to purchase an ensigncy for Albert. He had just finished his education, and resided with me in a small house near Beaumont, until an eligible opportunity for making the desired purchase should present itself.

"I will not say that, like the Spartan mothers, I gave up my son to his country with joy; but so well assured did I feel that the God of Armies would shield him from every dart as long as he saw fit, that I did not oppose Albert's wishes on the subject.

"How short-sighted are mortals! We had been talking about our future plans, one evening, about eighteen months since, and Albert had been more than usually elated by the near prospect of obtaining a commission, when in a few hours all our hopes were defeated, and misery took the place of joy and hope! We retired to rest at an early hour, and soon partook of nature's sweet restorer; but our slumbers were not destined to be of long duration, for, about midnight, I was awakened by a feeling of suffocation, and found that my room was filled with smoke. I opened my chamber-door, and beheld the staircase enveloped in flames! I then rushed to the window, and screamed loudly for help, 'Oh! wake my son! for God's sake, wake Albert!' I shrieked repeatedly.

"Mother! I am safe,' was Albert's reply.

"My God! I thank thee!' were the last words I uttered ere I fell senseless on the floor, through which the flames were now bursting.

"Save her! oh, save my mother!' cried Albert in agony; but the danger was too great for any one to venture up, as the

flames were distinctly seen to envelope my bed.

"Give me a ladder!" shouted my now distracted boy: no one stirred, for all present believed it to be useless. Albert was now desperate, and breaking from those who tried to hold him, would have rushed to my rescue even through the flames, had not a compassionate Irishman appeared with a ladder. It was placed against the wall of the house, and as my window was, most fortunately, not very high, Albert mounted the ladder with the speed of lightning, and, with a celerity almost supernatural, tied around me the sheet in which I had first enveloped myself, and attaching to it a cord near at hand, let me slide down the ladder, at the foot of which the people received me in their arms in a state of utter insensibility. I was then taken to the house of a friend.

"My heroic Albert was, in the meantime, every instant in danger of being buried in the flames which were quickly approaching him. While he was yet clinging to the window-frame, the boards gave way under his feet, and for a second he was enveloped in a body of flame! Still the same God who guarded Daniel watched over the safety of my beloved child: with the strength of a giant he set his foot on a morsel of wood still unburnt, and with a sudden jerk threw himself out of the window. By this time, a most humane man had placed a bed on the ground in order that he might fall on it, should he be able to escape. It did receive my Albert as he fell on it, with every portion of his clothes burnt off, his beautiful hair all destroyed, and there he lay more like a mass of cinder than a human being!"

The poor mother was here obliged to pause ere she continued her affecting narrative.

"They conveyed my child to the same house as myself. By this time I had revived, and loudly called for my Albert, for well did I know that nothing but the incapability of being there kept him from my side. I was told that he was slightly burnt, and that the surgeon who attended him desired that I might not be admitted for fear of exciting his patient: alas! poor fellow, he could not be excited by anything, for, from intensity of suffering, he was quite insensible. For several days the same excuses were made to me, but at length I became so worn out by continual anxiety that the medical man informed me of every particular, and, on my promising to command my feelings, admitted me to my son's room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Anecdote Gallery.

PASSAGES TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN WORKS.

GENERAL HOCHER, so well known by his uprightness and truly republican principles, was of a very mean extraction. He could scarcely read when he began his military career; but he did everything that depended on him to supply this deficiency in his education. In his leisure hours he copied the campaigns of some great commander, and thus taught himself to write.

M. de Malesherbes was as celebrated for his modesty, as for his vast knowledge and means; but the beauty of his soul was far from appearing evident in his outward appearance: he was exceedingly shortsighted, and his person was insignificant, and even mean. One day he called on his son-in-law, the Baron Montboissier, who, after having embraced him, expressed his astonishment at seeing him without his walking-stick. "It is the soldier you have at your gate that took it away from me," replied *M. de Malesherbes*.—"Why did you allow him to do such a thing?"—"He told me that such were his orders."—"How his orders?"—"Why his orders were, he told me, not to let any one of a shabby appearance enter with a stick; so, you see, I had nothing to reply."

Franklin was very intimate with *Baile*: their acquaintance had begun in a very singular manner. *Baile* had a country-house at *Chaillet*; it was there he retired to work at his ease. Chance led the American philosopher to the same spot. *Baile*, hearing of his arrival, hastened to pay him a visit, and was received in a most cordial manner by *Franklin*, who already knew him by repute. "Good morning, Mr. *Franklin*, how do you do?"—"Very well, sir." After these words were exchanged, *Baile* sat by the side of *Franklin*, and, through fear of indiscretion, waited till his host should begin the conversation. *Franklin*, naturally taciturn, and more taciturn in his quality of ambassador, did not proffer a single word. After a silence of some length, *Baile*, to encourage a beginning, offered *Franklin* a pinch of snuff. *Franklin* made a sign with his hand that he did not take snuff. This dumb interview lasted above an hour. At length, *Baile* rose, *Franklin* accompanied him to the door, and gave him a hearty shake of the hand, with the words "Very well."—Such was the origin of the acquaintance of these two great men.

Peter the Great had a very thin head of hair, and was extraordinarily susceptible of cold. It, consequently, not seldom happened that when he felt his head cold, he would take off *Menzikoff's* wig and place it on his own head. Once, he came to *Dantzic* on a

Sunday, and seeing scarcely any one in the streets, he asked the reason: he was informed the people had gone to church. The Lutheran form of service excited his Majesty's curiosity, and entering the nearest church, he placed himself in the middle, immediately opposite the pulpit. On his being recognised, the people rose, but the emperor made them a sign to be seated, and intimated that he would not disturb the service. He then walked up to the bench of the first burgomaster, and sat down by the side of him. This magistrate wore, according to the custom of the times, all the paraphernalia of his office, and an immense wig covered his worship's cranium. Peter, who, not to wound the feelings of the congregation, had removed his fur cap, soon felt the cold on his head, and turning to his neighbour, the burgomaster, without the least ceremony, placed his hand on the wig, lifted it up, and very coolly put it on his own august head. You may easily imagine how all looks were turned on the bald head of the burgomaster, and with what wondering eyes they looked on the emperor with the bob-wig on his. When the service was over, the emperor rose, replaced the wig on the burgomaster, and thanked him for the loan of the very useful article.

Voltaire.—It is asserted that on every anniversary of the massacre of St. Barthélemi, Voltaire was seized with an involuntary shudder, which always brought on a periodical fever of four-and-twenty hours' duration; so great was the impression the idea of that horrible butchery had made on his mind. "This," wrote the Marquis de Villette to Madame de Villeveille, in 1777, "is a fact which hitherto I had obstinately disbelieved, but which I now attest, and of which Voltaire's establishment has witnessed for the last five-and-twenty years."

Suwarrow.—After the defeat of Suwarrow in Switzerland, some one speaking to the King of Prussia about the proclamation Suwarrow had addressed to his soldiers, his Majesty said: "Bah! Suwarrow is like a drum, only makes a noise when beaten."

Turenne.—After the death of Marshal Turenne, eight new marshals were created, which caused Madame de Sevigné to observe, "that they were the change for the lost piece." H. M.

Manners and Customs.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL TENURE.

WHEN the present Bishop of Salisbury went to be enthroned, he was met by the chancellor, the registrar, and other officers of the diocese, at Bishop's Down, about a mile and a half from the cathedral. Having alighted from his carriage, he entered a tent prepared for

the purpose, where, according to ancient custom, his lordship cut a turf from the soil, indicating his having taken possession of the temporalities of the see. On the procession arriving opposite the Chorister's School, the senior chorister addressed the bishop in a short Latin speech, to which his lordship replied in the same language. W. G. C.

THE SABBATH BELL.

THE Turks hold a bell, used in religious service, as such an abomination, that no sects are allowed to use them for their place of worship. The Mahomedans call their congregations together by a human voice, sounding from the top of a minaret; and the Greeks announce the hour of prayer by rattling a mallet on a board. It occurred to me, (says a recent traveller,) that the same bell which rang at the gate of the British Embassy, for the honour of man, might be allowed to do so for the service of God. I mentioned the idea to his Excellency, who applied for permission to have it tolled on a Sunday, to announce the time of service, at the British Embassy: the request having been granted, I believe that our congregation was the first that the Government had ever permitted to assemble by tolling a bell. The sound of a bell on a Sunday, is so associated with Divine Service in England, that even this little privilege in a foreign country is felt by the British residents as a favour. It was pleasant on a Sabbath morning to see collected, by this well known invitation, a scattered little flock, assembled among the trees of the garden, meeting, perhaps for the first time since the preceding Sabbath; and thus separating themselves from those of a different faith, among whom their avocations had dispersed them for six days, to devote the seventh to the worship of God. It recalled to the mind the early times of Christianity when the professors of the faith, who were but few, came together only on the first day for mutual prayer and exhortation. The whole of those who professed the Protestant faith in Pera and Constantinople, amounted to about fifty individuals; for, besides the family of the Ambassador and the British merchants, the French Protestants assembled in the chapel for a second service, which was performed in their own language.

The other Frank nations have their respective places of worship, in other parts of Pera, under the protection of their respective embassies. W. G. C.

ELECTING AN EMPEROR.

THERE is a custom among the inhabitants of the Azores, (says Captain Boid,) peculiar to these Islands. In every parish, on the Festival of the Holy Ghost, they annually elect a chief whom they style Emperor. A certain number

who are named by the rest, draw lots for this honour at the church, when the fortunate individual who is elected, is crowned by the priest with a silver coronet, and receives a sceptre, both being previously solemnly consecrated. After the ceremony and appropriate service are ended, the *Imperador* retires, surrounded by crowds of his *confrères*, who strew his path with flowers, receiving in return a general blessing by the waving of his consecrated sceptre. He then proceeds to a small, open, stone building, erected for the purpose in every parish, called *O teatro do Imperador*, where he sits in state, encircled by his friends, with a table before him, on which he receives the donations of the pious, consisting of bread, wine, poultry, and meat, which are carefully distributed in the evening to the poor. The *Imperador* afterwards retires with his friends to his own cottage, which has been previously cleansed white-washed, and ornamented with garlands; where they indulge in feasting, rustic games, singing to the viola, and dancing until a late hour. This ceremony continues every Sunday, during seven weeks, and nothing can exceed the emulation that is shown by the peasants, who are competitors on these occasions; they sometimes sell the whole of their little property to sustain the hospitality they wish to practise during the term of their reign, when they keep open house for their friends. At the expiration of the seven weeks, the crown and sceptre are deposited in the parish church on a silver salver, until the ensuing celebration of the festival.

W. G. C.

Fine Arts.

THE HIGHEST STATUE IN EUROPE.

THERE is now in the course of erection at Golspie, in the county of Sutherland, a work of art which, when completed, will be the highest statue in Britain, or we believe in Europe. This is a monument to the memory of the late Duke of Sutherland, by subscription among his tenantry.* His grace was respected and beloved in no ordinary degree in a country which he did so much to improve, and when he was gathered, ripe in years and in honours, to sleep with his fathers, the feeling of the people simultaneously burst forth, and a monument in commemoration of the virtues of their late friend and benefactor was resolved upon. It might have been said, in the words of the poet—

"A mightier monument command
The mountains of their native land."

For it is impossible to look from the summit of one of these eminences without recognising some mark of the judgment and patriotism which have converted sterile

moors and stagnant fens into a wide-spread scene of cultivation and beauty. The gratitude of the tenantry, however, prompted some visible token of their feelings, and the result is equally honourable to the dead and to the living. After consulting with Sir Francis Chantrey, a colossal statue has been adopted. The site selected was the summit of a mountain called Benvraggie, about fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. A quarry of hard, red sandstone was found on the spot, and from this the stones were excavated to form the pedestal. The latter has been built from a design by Mr. Burn, and is now completed, being exactly seventy-six feet in height. The shape is octagonal for twenty-seven feet, the diameter being sixteen feet six inches; and at the termination, forming a base for the statue, it is nine feet. The task of the masons must have been no enviable one, toiling at the huge blocks of stone on the solitary top of such a hill, or even when resting in their temporary huts; but it is universally acknowledged that they discharged their duty well, and the contractor, Mr. Sandison, has got fame, if he has not got riches, by the manner in which he has fulfilled the contract.

To crown this magnificent pedestal a statue of equally gigantic proportions is in progress. A model of the figure was moulded by Chantrey, which contains an admirable likeness of the late duke, in an erect attitude, as if standing to speak, arrayed in the toga or gown. This statue will be thirty feet in height, making, with the pedestal, an elevation of 106 feet, and forming a conspicuous landmark far and near, by sea and land, on both sides of the Moray Frith. The profile of the countenance will be distinguished at a considerable distance on the road. The stone of which the statue will be composed is found at Brora; it is of a drab colour, which gradually whitens on exposure. The execution of this work has been intrusted by Sir Francis Chantrey to the skilful and practised hand of Mr. Theakstone, who also constructed the monument to the Duke of Sutherland at Trentham, in Staffordshire. A part only of the lower extremity of the figure has been hewn out, and another summer and autumn will have passed ere it is completed and mounted on its lofty site. The entire statue will be composed of about thirty pieces, to be fastened together with copper clamps and plugs. Each division will be conveyed to the hill by a machine constructed for the purpose. Although the model of Chantrey is only four feet in height, and the statue will be thirty, every line and feature can be preserved by the most exact admeasurement, and by mechanical processes which impose a check on each, and secure certainty to the whole,

* For a memoir of this Worthy of the Land, see *Mirror*, vol. xxvi. p. 197.

The sculptor also, we believe, personally examines every work of this description before it is finally placed, and, with all his popularity and his well-worn laurels, Sir Francis Chantrey is still sedulously watchful of his fame. We hope he will long live to enjoy it, and though he may be disposed to trust more to Italian marble than to Sutherland stone, seeing that he cannot physically expect to go higher than Benvenuto, we wish the summit of the mountain may boast of one of the happiest, though not most polished productions.—*Inverness Courier*.

Useful Arts.



DIVING APPARATUS.

This ingenious contrivance is the invention of Mr. Deane, whose operations with it have already excited considerable curiosity and approbation.

The essential part of the machinery consists of a large metal helmet-like covering for the head and neck, which rests upon the shoulders and is attached by straps to the body.

A, pipe by which the air is forced in. B, pipe by which the air escapes. CCC, three strong plate-glass windows, protected by cross wires.

At the top there enters the end of a long, flexible tube, (A,) connected with an air-pump, through which, by means of a winch, the requisite supply can be forced in, while the air which has been used, finds its way out by a short pipe (B) at the lower part of the helmet. Three windows of strong glass (CCC,) protected by stout cross wires, enable the diver to see the objects round him. Over his legs, arms, and body, he draws a water-tight dress of Mackintosh's cloth; but this is merely to prevent the inconvenience of getting wet, and has nothing to do with the diving-bell machinery, which consists in the helmet and air-pipe alone. Instead of being lowered

down, as in the case of the diving-bell, Mr. Deane employs a ladder, one end of which rests on the ground, the other against the side of his vessel, anchored over the object he wishes to examine. It is necessary, however, in order to his easy descent, that he should attach weights to his body, not less than sixty or seventy pounds, besides thick leaden soles to the shoes.

When all is ready, the diver very deliberately steps on the ladder, and walks off under the surface! The effect on the spectators is extremely curious, as the bold experimenter is gradually lost sight of, and the only indication of his place is a series of bubbles rising over him. On reaching the bottom, he quits the ladder, and roves at pleasure along the ground, sometimes proceeding to a considerable distance from his vessel, the only limit, indeed, appearing to be the length of the air-pipe, of which there lies a considerable coil on the deck. It should, however, be mentioned that a small rope is tied round his middle, the end of which is held on board by his son, a fine lad of about twelve years of age, the only person whom his father even permits to touch this important part of the apparatus. By pulling it once or twice, or jerking it in a particular manner, the diver has acquired the means of communicating his wishes to the people above. Sometimes he wishes them to work the air-pump harder; sometimes he requires the ladder shifted; sometimes to have a basket sent down; sometimes to have a rope lowered, with a hook fastened to it, that the basket which he has filled with things collected at the bottom may be pulled up: in short, he appears to possess a power of communicating from the bottom of the sea all he wishes to those above water.

Mr. Deane's operations have been admirably proved in the wreck of H.M.S. *Boynes*, which caught fire at Spithead, about forty years ago, and was stranded near South Sea Castle. The most interesting articles he has brought up are some bottles of wine, of which the corks are entire, though slightly softened. The external part of the bottles is covered in some places with very fine shells; but all the protuberant parts of the glass have received a slight rubbing, as if they had been pressed against a turning lathe. On one occasion of Mr. Deane's going down, he remained seventeen minutes, and brought up a broken bottle, sundry fragments of bolts, a portion of a sword-blade, a boat-hook, and the bone of a man's leg; probably of one of those infatuated wretches who, at the very instant the fire had reached the door of the magazine, and it was known the ship must soon blow up, busied themselves in stripping off the copper sheathing!*

* Correspondent of the Nautical Magazine.

The Public Journals.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM IN LONDON, IN 1837

ABOUT two months ago, the arrival in London of Baron Dupotet, the principal professor of animal magnetism in Paris, was announced in the newspapers. An invitation was published by the Baron to any gentleman who desired instruction in the doctrines of animal magnetism to visit him any day, between two and three, at his house in Maddox-street, Hanover Square. Before laying the more scientific report of Mr. Brown, as read at the last meeting of the Metropolitan Association, before our readers, we may be allowed to describe a visit which we paid to the Baron in compliance with his invitation. On entering the room, No. 8, Maddox-street, we saw a party of twelve or thirteen gentlemen standing on the floor. Baron Dupotet, a man of very prepossessing appearance, with fine, dark, intelligent eyes, was seated in front of a gentleman who had offered himself for experiment. After keeping the points of their thumbs together for some time, till the temperature of both was the same, the Baron pressed his hands on the patient's shoulders, and passed lightly over his arms till their hands again touched. He repeated this two or three times, and then spreading forth his hand with the fingers closed, he moved it gently, with a downward motion, over the patient's face, at about two inches distance from his nose. He then continued the waving action of the hand down the stomach and legs, and, having finished the whole length of the body, returned to the brow. This was continued for nearly a quarter of an hour, and the patient persisted in saying he experienced no change. At last, however, he seemed to feel some of the effects the Baron had foretold; his colour disappeared, and he confessed that his heart beat in a way he had never experienced before. The Baron continued his manipulations with renewed activity, and shortly told us he had acquired a certain degree of influence over the patient, which a few more days of the magnetic operation would complete. He now stood up and informed us that the attraction established between himself and his patient was already so great, that it would be impossible for the magnetized to resist following him to whatever part of the room he went. He then, in five or six long, deliberate steps, proceeded to the lobby at the top of the stairs, looking round all the time at the patient, who struggled with himself for some time, but yielded to the influence, and cried out for us to hold him, or he must follow, as if he were dragged by a strong chain! As the gentleman appeared considerably excited, the Baron did not think it right to carry the experiment any farther. Some of the company being ex-

tremely anxious to see the effect of the magnetism upon a somnambulist, the Baron introduced his domestic Julie, and made her sit down on the sofa. Julie seems a quiet, simple peasant, of about forty years of age, not good-looking, and rather fat, but without of a prepossessing appearance, and very modest, retiring manners. After a few minutes' conversation with several of the spectators, in answer to whose questions she said she had not been in good health, but felt herself greatly benefited by the Baron's treatment, the experiment was begun. Standing about three feet from the sofa, the Baron stretched forth his hand, and kept waving it downwards all along her face and body. In a few minutes Julie's eyes began to close, her head nodded as if in the beginning of slumber, and, at the end of less than five minutes, her chin fell upon her breast, and she was in a profound sleep. To outward appearance the sleep was natural and calm; the breath came tranquilly, and she seemed unconscious of every noise. The Baron addressed her, and to all his questions she replied immediately, but remained dumb when spoken to by any one else. As we were told that it needed to be put in magnetic "rapport" with Julie, in order to have any conversation, we offered to undergo the process. Our hand was placed in Julie's, which closed strongly and firmly on it, with a gradually increasing pressure, till at last it fairly assumed what is called the magnetic grip. We now addressed the fair sleeper, and told her we had a headache, and asked her how it was to be cured. She said by taking castor oil, and eating chicken broth. The broth was to be composed of half a chicken, two carrots, and a quarter of a pound of barley. A gentleman now endeavoured to separate our hands, but the wrath of the somnambulist was roused, her veins swelled with passion, and a perseverance in the attempt would have thrown her into hysterics. Large quantities of snuff were put into her nose without producing the least effect; pins were stuck into her arms and legs without being noticed, and it seemed impossible to make the slightest impression on her senses in any way. The Baron released our hand, and after a few more warnings before her face, ordered her to open her eyes. In a moment the lids were lifted, and the eyes were seen directed upwards, and void of all expression. A handkerchief was suddenly waved close to them, but she did not wink, nor was there any movement in the pupil. After many endeavours to produce some movement by striking with great force within an inch of the iris, the Baron ordered her to shut her eyes, and the lids fell down with the rapidity of a portcullis. He now took a little walking-cane, tipped with silver, and pointed it for a minute to Julie's nose,

and she instantly began sneezing from the effects of the snuff that had previously been introduced. After a short time he touched her on the knee, moved his hands crossways before her face, as if tearing aside something that covered it, and exclaiming "Awake! awake!" prevented Julie to the company, looking as simple and unconcerned as when she first came into the room. She said she was quite unconscious of all that had passed, and would scarcely believe she had taken any snuff, and had no recollection of the chicken-broth and the castor-oil. In all this there was no apparent desire to do anything in an underhand way. Everything was fair and open, and the Baron in all his operations followed the suggestions of any one who chose to offer them. The rod was pointed to the nose in perfect silence, without a word having been said which could let Julie know what was about to be done. Noises were made at her ear enough to produce a start on the stoutest nerves without effect, and however prejudiced may be the observer, it must be confessed that if there is not something extraordinary in magnetism itself, there is something very wonderful indeed in Julie's acting.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GENIUS; OR, THE DOG'S-MEAT DOG.

BEING A "TAILED SONNET" IN THE ITALIAN MANNER.

(By Egerton Webbs.)

"Hal, thou hast the most unsavoury similes."

Falstaff.

SINCE Genius hath the immortal faculty
Of bringing grist to other people's mills,
While for itself no office it fulfils,
And cannot choose but starve amazingly,
Methinks its very like the dog's-meat dog,
That 'twixt Black Friars and White sometimes
I've seen,—

Afflicted quadruped, jejune and lean,
Whom none do feed, but all do burn to flog.

For why? He draws the dog's-meat cart, you see,—

Himself a dog. All dogs his coming hail,

Long dogs and short, and dogs of various tail,

Yea truly, every sort of dogs that be.

Where'er he cometh him his cousins greet,

Yet not for love, but only for the meat,—

In Little Tower Street,

Or opposite the pump on Fish-street Hill,

Or where the Green Man is the Green Man still,

Or where you will:—

It is not he, but, ah! it is the cart

With which his cousins are so loth to part;

(That's nature, bless your heart!)

And you'll observe his neck is almost stiff

With turning round to try and get a sniff,

As now and then a whiff,

Charged from behind, a transient savour throws,

That curls with hope the corners of his nose,

Then all too quickly goes,

And leaves him buried in conjectures dark,

Developed in a sort of muffled bark.

For I need scarce remark

That that sagacious dog hath often guess'd

There's something going on of interest

Behind him, not content;

And I have seen him whisk with sudden start

Entirely round, as he would face the cart,

Which could he by no art,

Because of cunning mechanism. Lord!

But how a proper notion to afford?

How possibly record,
With any sort of mental satisfaction,
The look of anguish—the immense distraction—

Pictured in face and action,
When, whisking round, he hath discovered there
Five dogs,—all jolly dogs—besides a pair

Of cats, most delicious,
In high assembly met, sublimely lurching.
Best horse's flesh in breathless silence munching.

While he, poor beast! is crunching
His unavailing teeth?—You must be sensible
'Tis aggravating—cruel—indeffensible—

Incomprehensible.
Aul to his grave I do believe he'll go,
Sad dog's-meat dog, nor ever know

Whence all those riches flow
Which seem to spring about him where he is,
Finding their way to every mouth but his.—

I know such similes
By some are censured as not being savoury;
But still it's better than to talk of "knavery."

And "wretched authors' slavery,"
With other words of ominous import,
I much prefer a figure of this sort.

And so, to cut it short,
(For I abhor all poor rhetoric fuss,)
Ask what the deuce I mean—I answer thus,

THAT DOG'S A GENIUS.

Bentley's Miscellany.

LONDON AND ROME.

(Concluded from page 124.)

BUT Rome! Rome! let us back to Rome!
The population, then, of the imperial city,
in the days of the Cæsars—when she was
the "Mighty Heart," not of one kingdom
only, but of the whole earth—was four
hundred thousand less than the present
population of London! What a proud
thought for every one of the almost innumerable individuals who can claim equality with the illustrious John Gilpin, and boast of being a citizen of famous London town! As to ourselves, we feel as if in our single person we could make up for the loss of Gog and Magog, so heroic has the very recollection of our citizenship made us. We hear people talk of Coke of Norfolk—Forbes of Callender—Ramsay of Barton—Fergusson of Raith,—and these names certainly suggest to us ideas of some slight degree of wealth and consideration;—but we—we are of London!—What are Callender, Raith, and Barton, to the addition we put to our name? Why, we could buy them altogether by a mortgage on the India Docks! London is the most peopled city that ever was inhabited by men;—for as to considering the animals in Pekin, who put iron shoes on their females' feet, and eat rice with chop-sticks, as belonging to the human race, we never thought of it;—and should as soon talk of the population of a forest of Pongos as of the brick warrens of the Celestial Empire. Thebes,—Nineveh,—Babylon, what were they?—Let us apply to our ancient friend, Quintus Curtius, and hear what he says of the real magnitude of these cities of the East. Their very names have taken such a hold on our imaginations, that we associate with them only

ideas of immeasurable size, and the most gorgeous magnificence. Thebes, with her hundred gates, sending forth from each an army of horsemen, and a multitude of chariots, appears to us an empire in itself. Nineveh, invested with a higher interest by the wailings and lamentations of the Prophets, shines forth in the glory of its unequalled splendour, even through the "veil of sorrow" spread over it by the inspired. The waters of Babylon, by which the exiles sat and wept, recall to us visions of the "great city and the strong"—"that was a golden cup in the Lord's hand that made all the earth drunken"—and people giving into wild fancies as to the magnitude of these cities—and arguing from the prodigious extent of the walls which we know to have surrounded them, have not scrupled to assign them each a population of eight or nine millions. The circuit of the walls was, indeed, so vast—those of Babylon being many days' journey in circumference—that the city, if built and inhabited like those of Europe, would have contained even a greater population than any that has been attributed to it. We are told, by our friend Quintus Curtius, as we have mentioned above, that the walls were no criterion of the populousness of the city; but that its enormous circumference was accountable for on other grounds. "The houses," he says, in speaking of Babylon, are not brought close to the walls, but have an acre between them. Nor are they joined together, as it was thought safer to leave several places unoccupied. The rest they sow and cultivate, that, if they are attacked from without, there may be provision enough for the besieged from the soil of the city itself."

But this is entirely proved from a source more indisputable than even Quintus Curtius. In the splendid denunciations of the Prophet Jeremiah, we find the following:—"Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about; all ye that bend the bow shoot at her; spare no arrows, for she hath sinned against the Lord. Take vengeance upon her! As she hath done, do unto her. Cut off the sower from Babylon, and him that handleth the sickle in the time of harvest." What would be the extent of London, if it included within its walls a sufficient quantity of land to supply food to all its inhabitants? We should have to alter our maps, and say Middlesex in the town of London; for we will venture to say, that we of this "wonderful Metropolis" would eat with great ease all the harvests, and beeves, and muttons of the metropolitan county. And if London went on increasing, where would be the country? In more senses than one we should swallow it up. It would be a repetition of Argyle and Rutland; but you don't know the story, perhaps, so here it is.

Long ago a certain proprietor, in the county of Rutland, became very intimate with the Maccallum-More of that time. One day, in the plenitude of his friendship, he said to him, "How I wish your estate were in my county!" Upon which the M'Diarmid replied, "I'm thinking if it were, there would be no room for yours."

We shall say no more of the populations of the gorgeous East, except that we may remind the reader that Pliny, of course, was acquainted with the history and greatness of Nineveh, Babylon, and all the other celebrated capitals of the ancient world; and still declares, as we have seen, that there could have been no city equal to Rome. Poor Pliny! what would he say now, if he ascended in Mr. Green's balloon from Vauxhall? But leaving Pliny with his mouth wide open, gazing down on the interminable Atlantic of chimney-tops, let us jump into an omnibus and rattle down to the Bank.

We take the Bank not merely as a chartered company carrying on trade with a certain capital, but as the representative of all the public wealth which finds its way to London. In the word Bank, we include the taxes and the debt; and the debt itself we take as positive property, and by no means in its usual signification, which considers debt as a sign of poverty. If by any means we got possession of the national debt we should view ourselves as having got a very considerable addition to our fortune; whereas if any one made us a present of the debts he had incurred (perhaps far more honestly than the other), we should beg to decline the obligation, on the plea of having quite enough of our own. "That man is rich who hath a sufficiency and desireth no more."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

New Books.

DR. GRANVILLE'S SPAS OF GERMANY.

(Continued from page 175.)

[We resume our quotations from this capital work, with an extract of extraordinary interest:]

Visit to the Salt Mines at Saltzburg.

Armed with the necessary order from the inspector of the mines, I knocked for admittance at the gate of the *Manipulation-Hoff*, and was received into a large square room, hung with pictures of the ancient and most renowned miners, some of whose descendants stood before me in reality, with their stern countenances,—thick-set, square-shouldered, robust-looking, and clad in the trappings of their order. There was something sinister in the sight—mysterious—and eleusinian: or to speak nearer the truth, the view reminded the already initiated, of the imposing ceremonies by which the fortune of the

candidates for admission into the craft of freemasons is tested in the several lodges of Germany.

A register of the visitors was presented to me, and by a mere token of the extended finger, *sans mot dire*, I received directions to inscribe my name in it. While doing this, the names of Dr. Child, of M. Burmester, and of Mr. Bunbury, (who took the trouble to designate himself, to this sturdy race, as "of Angher Castle in Ireland")—and lastly of the fair Mrs. Trollope caught my attention, as having visited the mines a few days before. But I was soon recalled from my readings, by the brusque handling of one of the miners, who set about decking me in the upper garment of their calling, while a second supplied me with the nether one, and a third buckled around my waist the broad belt, within which he fixed a stout right hand glove of leather, as if to prepare me for a share in their laborious work.

To what purpose was I thus arrayed in this white, coarse, and picturesque costume? Was it merely to render my visit to these subterranean regions more impressive? or would its use become manifest hereafter in the course of my explorations? The sequel will show. I was then perfectly ignorant of the smallest circumstance connected with these mines; for although they have, no doubt, been described a hundred times, and I have since perused the little account of them, illustrated by lithographic prints, which the chief miner put into my pocket in exchange for forty kreutzers,—it had never fallen in my way before to see any description of their interior. My mind, therefore, was prepared for every fresh impression; and the idea of penetrating into the deep and dark caverns, under mysterious ceremonies, of a lofty mountain, on the summit of which I then stood, splendidly lighted up by a noon-day, and almost tropical sun, excited feelings within my bosom which added to the interest of the occasion. As I surveyed myself, on quitting the presence of the taciturn chief, to follow the guide he had assigned me,—I could not resist tempting him to break his silence by asking, whether the fair lady whose name was last inscribed on the register, and who, I explained to him, was a renowned English traveller, had also submitted to wear the garb of the miner, with the characteristic neither part of it: "Even so," was the reply.

Litner, a robust-looking man, full of intelligence, and, as I afterwards found, of information also, aged fifty-four years, (twenty-four of which he had passed in the dark recesses of the Durrenberg, with the rank of an *Arbeitsführer*,) was the conductor whom I followed to the low arched entrance (*Einfahrt*) of the mine, over which was this inscription, "Ober Steinberg, 1450." This is the name given to the fifth of the nine

stages or stories into which the internal mine is divided, reckoning from the highest, or the one nearest the summit of the mountain. Having entered the dark passage of *Freudenberg*, lighted by a short candle carried by the conductor and by myself, we walked through it, in a straight line, for a distance of nearly two thousand feet, the first four hundred of which presented a wall on each side of white *Untersbergen* marble. This, like all the other passages or galleries through which I passed afterwards, called *Haupt stollen*, runs horizontally into the mountain, and meets the shafts. These galleries are generally two feet wide near the floor, with two parallel rails, on which run a kind of low-wheeled wagons, conveying the ore and mineral salt from one part of the mine to another. The rails admit also of a species of car, placed on four low wheels, in which the visitors who prefer that mode of conveyance to walking, are drawn by one or more miners with astonishing rapidity. The walls of these galleries approach each other nearer at the ceiling than at the floor, and are supported either by piles of wood or by masonry. As it was discovered that, where the wood was most exposed to the action of the salt earth, it became harder and harder, and was scarcely ever after liable to decay, all those piles which, when fixed, are not necessarily in contact with the salt parts of the mountain, are previously soaked in brine. Now here is a hint for a rival company to Kyan's monopoly, which I am convinced offers no greater security against the decay of wood than strong brine would. It will be found on trial that the *bichloride of sodium* in this respect is as efficacious as the *bichloride of mercury* employed by Kyan.

How ventilation is carried on in these passages, is not easy to discover. The entrance of the external air is carefully prevented by several doors called weather-doors, and so effectually is this managed, that in no part of the mine, (which extends nearly four miles, taking all the galleries, shafts, and recesses together,) whether I was walking, or riding on the car, did the flame of my candle flicker in the smallest degree. That there is, at times, a want of air, is evident from the fact, that an arrangement exists in some parts for supplying it to the miners, when at work, by means of bellows. In order to facilitate the passage of the miners with their curs when they happen to meet each other, places twelve feet long and four feet wide have been excavated, at the distance of every 180 or 200 feet, on both sides. The native rock on each side, which has been neatly and smoothly cut, exhibited its variegated strata of salt and gypsum, mixed here and there with green and flesh-coloured crystals.

We descended about two hundred steps cut in the rock, at the termination of this

first passage, in order to reach another and lower portion of it, which brought us to the brink of what appeared to me a bottomless pit. The "darkness visible" of the place at first hardly permitted a more careful survey; but when the eye became, at last, accustomed to the dingy atmosphere, I could perceive before me a narrow inclined plane, at an angle of forty degrees, the *terminus* of which was left entirely to imagination to divine. On the inclined plane, and in the direction of its axis, two parallel lines, one foot apart, formed of smooth, polished, wooden cylinders, (being portions of the trunks of fir trees,) six inches in diameter, placed contiguous to one another, are laid down, and secured by short cross pieces. A tightly drawn rope runs close to and parallel with the cylinder on the right.

Litner here looked round for the first time since we had entered these singular regions; and pulling from my girdle the glove, bid me put it on my right hand, and follow his example. He grinned at the same time a smile of encouragement, probably because he saw on my pale face the momentary feeling of my heart. Litner next stretched himself upon the inclined plane, keeping his head somewhat erect, and touching with his body both wooden cylinders, across which his legs were thrown slanting. He held his light with the left, while within the palm of the right hand he grasped the tight rope, keeping the thumb free and aloof from it.

There was a momentary pause on my part. Litner had not explained to me the object of this *montagne russe*, as I took it to be; nor where it would lead to; nor how deep it was. The mind of man can, by resolution, encounter the greatest danger without dismay, if it be but seen; against a threatening evil that is known, we can put on the armour of courage and brave the worst; but to face an evil we know not of, is a task from which the stoutest often recoil. A thousand accidents might happen;—giddiness might follow the rapid descent for which I was bidden to prepare,—my hand might not stand the quick friction of the rope,—or cramp might supervene to prevent its proper grasp. Still, others had gone down before me, and the stern being then lying at my feet had done so a thousand times. The situation was one of my own seeking, and there was no receding without shame. I stooped therefore on the brink of the dark abyss, behind my guide, seated myself on the cylinders, and placed my feet against Litner's broad shoulders, while, with my hand, past under the rope, I strove to gain some security by holding it tight. The moment Litner felt the weight of my person inclining against him, he suffered himself to slide downwards, followed by me; and down, down we glided at a giddy pace, my breathing held in suspense, so that the dead silence of

the dark cavern into which we were thus plunging resounded only with the wind-like hissing of the rope, as it passed rapidly over the rough glove on our hands, and with the distant murmuring and splashing of unseen and falling water. In one minute and a half, we were again on our feet at the end of this shaft, called *Freudenberge Rolle*, three hundred and fifty feet deep.

We had now reached the fourth story of the mine, called the *Unter-steinberg*, where a passage, six hundred and fifty feet in length, leads to a second shaft, very appropriately called *Jacob's Ladder*, one hundred and eighty-nine feet deep, and placed at forty-six degrees of inclination. On the right and left of this passage the miners were seen, busy at their toilsome task, in parties of four, working with the regularity of soldiers. It is in the passage at the termination of this steep descent, that we find the most productive salt works. The name it bears is that of *Johann Jacobs*, and in length it measures one thousand and two hundred fathoms. Its walls are strongly supported; but between the wooden piles, the stratification of the rock is easily distinguished exhibiting veins of the flesh-coloured salt in slaty marl.

Two other shafts at an angle of forty-three degrees, the *Königs Rolle*, and the *Konhausser Rolle*, are descended in the like manner, in order to view the *Rupert's Berg*, or the lowest stage but one of the mine. Here the visiter is shown a spacious place like a room cut out of the rock, called the "Commissioner's Chamber," containing the Austrian arms, and the monument of St. Rupert. In a niche scooped out of the rock, specimens of the different strata which occur in the mine are exhibited, together with some Roman antiquities found here in 1825, the date of which has been determined by the royal warder of the Salines, who is a great antiquarian, to be one hundred and eighty years before Christ.

Hitherto fear had given way to admiration and fatigue to the pleasure of witnessing these stupendous works of nature and man. But the greatest surprise was yet to come, and great it was indeed, when upon the throwing open of a door which seemed to bar the avenue we were then pursuing, I suddenly emerged from comparative darkness and a narrow pass, into a wide expanse, lighted up all round by hundreds of tapers. These, being reflected from the surface of a dark and still lake of liquid brine, which spreads widely below them, and from the low and extended ceiling above, which was sparkling with the deliquescent moisture of the salt rock, seemed at first to be of ten times their real number. The sudden appearance, too, of several of the miners in their bizarre costume, whispering in low murmurs to each other; some on the brink of this dismal lake, looking on; while others

were pushing a flat bark on its liquid surface to the spot on which I stood, inviting me at the same time, and by mute signs only, to embark on it, added to my first surprise the more intense feeling of interest. At the first glance, one might have fancied himself in a very large square at night surrounded by an illuminated town; and the veins of salt rock which were of red, green, yellow, white, and blue tints, mixed with crystals of selenite, sparkled and shone like precious stones.

The only way out of this dreary abode, however, was by crossing the lake. This Litner made me understand, when he found that I hesitated to place my foot on the bark. He then set me the example:

"Lo duca mio diacece nella barca,
E poi mi fec'entrar appresso lui."

and the frail bark conveyed us across, where, being landed, we proceeded to the almost perpendicular *Rolle*, two hundred and fifty feet deep, which led to the lowest division of the mine, called the Wolf-dietrick's Berg. This region is one thousand three hundred and twenty feet deep, in a perpendicular line, from the spot on which stands the little church I had visited, near the entrance into the mines.

The length of the gallery of this étage of the mine, the lowest of all, is eight thousand and forty feet, one-third of which is cut through grey limestone. It leads to the gate of egress, (*Ausfahrt*), towards which I thought we should now walk without any further interruption. Our progress, however, was suddenly checked, when at about seven thousand feet from the *Ultima Thule*, by a door which barred the passage. This, at the clap of Litner's hands, was mysteriously opened, when two gigantic miners appeared, one placed at each end of a car or bench, such as I have already described, called a *Bergwurst*, suspended by ropes over a sledge, the grooves of which were locked over the rails on the floor of the gallery. On this vehicle Litner and myself placed ourselves astride one behind the other; when, at a signal, the door behind closed upon us with a deafening noise and prolonged reverberations; and away went the machinel drawn by the miner in front and impelled by the one behind, with such rapidity, that we accomplished the whole distance in ten minutes.

Our candles just before this time had begun to verge fast to their last and expiring scintillæ, and finally went out,—leaving us in total darkness, scudding at a fearful rate through a straight and narrow passage which echoed the tramping of the two running miners. This *coup de théâtre* was purposely brought about by calculating the duration of the candles, in order that we might enjoy another and a concluding sight. When distant about two thousand five hundred feet from the egress gate, Litner bid the conductor to stop, and

called to me to look over his shoulders and straight forward. I did so, and at a distance of the length of which I could form no idea I perceived a minute, twinkling star in the middle of the passage. I kept my eyes steadily upon it; the sledge once more advanced with increased velocity, and the star also increased in size; when about twelve hundred feet distant it looked like the rising moon, as round and as bright; until at length it changed into the full glare of the brightest sun. The passage, which is just wide enough to admit of the species of car I have described, felt cold and damp from the deliquescent salt by which we were encompassed, as well as from the brisk fanning of the air through which we darted with so much rapidity. When, at length, our car, by a last effort, was ejected some distance out of the bowels of the mountain into the external atmosphere, the sudden impression of light and warmth was quite delightful.

I found in a small house at the *Ausfahrt*, the clothes I had left at the entrance on the other side of the mountain, and there deposited the miner's garb,—giving a gratification of three florins and a half to the conductor, for himself and his brethren, and receiving from him in return, a small box containing specimens of all the varieties of coloured salt rock.

I need hardly state, that the mode of obtaining the salt found in these mines, consists in introducing into them, water from the various springs in the mountains, which is made to dissolve as much of the salt as it will take up; and that the great salt lake I have described, called *Werk Kaiser Franz*, is one of the immense reservoirs of the liquid brine thus prepared, which being conveyed, through wooden pipes, down the declivity of the mountain to the bank of the Salza, near Hallein, is there boiled and evaporated, and made into dry salt, packed in barrels, and sent off in barges to various parts of the Austrian dominions. The statistical returns of this mine of rock-salt give, for the last six hundred years, the astonishing produce of 771,428,554 quintals of purified salt, making an average of 1,285,714 quintals of salt per annum.

Spirit of Discovery.

RETURN OF CAPTAIN BACK FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

WE have the pleasure of communicating to our readers the return of Captain Back, the Commander of Her Majesty's ship, *Terror*, who, it may be remembered, went out in June, 1836, to look for Captain Ross, in the North Seas.

We learn from the *Freeman's Journal* that on Sunday the 3rd inst. the *Terror* put in at Lough Swilly in an almost sinking condition, the men incessantly labouring at the pumps,

and the hull of the vessel secured by chains and cables to keep her together. It appears she was encompassed by the ice at the latter end of August, 1836, at which time her crew consisted of 60 souls, including officers, who were at various times exposed to the constant concussion of huge masses of ice, which were dashed against the vessel with tremendous violence, threatening a violent and sudden death; and, in the event of escape from this danger, to await slow but certain destruction by the appalling means of famine and cold. Deprived of fresh provisions or vegetables of any kind, disease spread amongst them with a rapidity only equalled by its virulence: twenty-five of the crew were afflicted by that well known scourge of that latitude, the scurvy, to which three of them fell victims—Donaldson, the gunner, a seaman named James Walker, and Alexander Young, a marine. The vessel lay in that perilous position for four months, drifting to and fro near Cape Comfort; then driven by the current of ice along Southampton Island, as far as Sea Horse Point, off Baffin; then at the mercy of the wind and tide, through Hudson's Straits, by Charles's Island, along the Labrador coast. On the 6th of August they passed Resolution Island.

From the 20th of September they lay surrounded, exposed to all the horrors of the arctic climate, with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, until the ice commenced breaking in February, 1837. On the 15th of March they experienced the greatest shock they had yet encountered, a mountain of ice striking the ship with the utmost violence, and rending away every immediate barrier, without the slightest perceptible effort. The decks were obliged to be lashed to each other to prevent them separating, and the planks rising from their fastenings; the stern posts, dead wood, and after part of the keel were knocked away. In consequence of the repeated collisions, the water gained on the ship, and she was shaken from stem to stern; a chain cable was passed round her to keep her together, the men constantly at the pumps to keep out the water, which at one time rose seven feet in the hold. Every exertion was being made at this time to prevent her falling to pieces—men and officers all emulous, and working as laboriously as they could, knowing their safety depended on the result of their exertions. So unremitting and fatiguing were the toils they endured, that all were exoriated more or less.

The ship was built purposely for the expedition, being eight feet in depth through the bow and stern, two feet seven inches in the sides, with five additional bulkheads athwartships, of four inch oak planks; and two extra fore-and-aft ones of the same thickness, two feet from the side, each side filled up with twenty-five tons of coal, for further strength and security.

By the impetus of the ice the bow was lifted clear out of the water, as far aft as the mainmast; her stern as far as the seven-foot mark, was placed in the same predicament. In this condition she continued for 100 days. At the expiration of that time, they got a 35-foot ice-saw, worked by shears, and commenced the fatiguing operation of cutting through the bulk of ice under her, measuring in thickness more than thirty feet. On the 11th of July, they had completed so much of their task as but two or three feet at the stern remained, when she righted. Immediately on this they made sail on the vessel, but a tremendous wedge remained stuck to her starboard side, between her fore and main chains, and they were compelled to have recourse to the saw again, not being able to free themselves by any other method. By means of purchases applied to the vast lump, it rose from under the bottom as it was freed, and according to the laws of gravitation, floated above the water, being the lighter body, throwing the vessel on her beam ends, heeling her over full 27 degrees, the water pouring in in alarming quantities, and with frightful rapidity. All hands, without distinction, were immediately called in requisition; some proceeded to saw through the piece of ice, the cause of this fresh misfortune, and some ran to the pumps. With unremitting labour they continued these fatiguing but indispensable operations until five o'clock on the morning of the 14th, when the men were so totally exhausted and dispirited by their incessant exertions, that they could work no longer, having to this period cut through to within ten feet. They were then called in for rest and refreshment. They had not been more than a quarter of an hour removed from the work, when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass separated from its bed, crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, tearing to pieces the lashings and spars that intervened to protect her against this casualty, which had in some degree been foreseen; the strong shores, or logs, and three and a half inch ropes, were snapped like pack-thread, and, but for the merciful interposition of Providence, not a single being out of the entire ship's crew would have lived to narrate the circumstance: for had they not been called in but a few minutes before, all inevitably would have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated from her she righted and drifted along. A temporary rudder was fitted up, her stern posts have been carried away from the six-foot mark, as well as the dead wood broken off, her stern frame so shaken that her run had to be secured by two and a half and three and a half inch ropes, shores, and screw bolts, and when fairly got to sea a stream chain was passed round her three feet before the mizen mast, and another abaft the mizen mast. In the early

part of the passage home, across the Atlantic, they fortunately experienced mild weather, but subsequently it became rather unfavourable, and the ship began to leak very fast. At one period, when it became necessary to take the men from the pumps for about twenty minutes, during which they were occupied in shortening sail, the carpenter reported six to seven feet water in the hold. In an instant there was a rush to the pumps and all hands were busily engaged at them until they arrived at their destination. At first they directed their course to the Orkneys, but the wind proving adverse, they bore up for Lough Swilly, where they arrived on Sunday night, after hardships and dangers almost unparalleled. They had but twice seen the natives—once on their entrance to the Frozen Straits, and once at their departure. On both occasions they trafficked with them, and to profitable account it would seem, an old piece of iron producing skins in abundance, and those who had not this commodity to offer, were willing to barter their children for even a less article of value, if possible. On entering the harbour of Lough Swilly, the exhausted crew could scarce remain one moment longer at the pumps, their unremitting labour at which had secured their safety. The coast guard, on being apprised of their distressing condition, immediately boarded the vessel, and afforded most timely relief to the worn-out mariners—and Her Majesty's cutter, Wickham, entering soon after, sent twenty of her men for the same purpose. They endeavoured to beach her, but, unable to effect their purpose, were obliged to leave her, having her main deck housing thrummed under her bottom. Seven of the sick were sent immediately on shore, where they are being treated with the utmost humanity and attention by the hospitable and generous islanders.

The Gatherrr.

Count Borowolski, the celebrated Polish dwarf, died on the 5th inst. at the cottage for some years past in his occupation at Durham. He was in his 99th year, and in possession of all his faculties. He was a native of Polish Russia, and, at an early period of his life, owing to the then distracted state of his country, (in the reign of Stanislaus, the last King of Poland,) he emigrated under the protection of the Countess Humneka, a Polish lady of distinguished rank, to Paris. After a brief sojourn in France, the Count was driven by the Revolution to England in 1792, where he has since resided.

Oh! 'tis thus when thy Ringlets are Streaming.

*Oh! 'tis thus when thy ringlets are streaming,
Thou'rt ever most lovely and bright;*

*And while merrily, merrily beaming,
Thine eye, love, is laughing in light.
Oh! 'tis thus when thy heart seems o'erflowing,
And each thought is as fond as 'tis free;
Like sunbeams form'd only for glowing,
Oh! 'tis thus thou art dearest to me.*

*Let them sparkle 'mid diamonds who may, love,
True beauty requires not their aid;
Oh! to me 'tis a far sweeter ray, love,
Which reflects from thy ringlets or braid.
The world! what's the world, should it smile, love,
The world! who could think on't with thee?
Away, let it praise or revile, love,
Thou'rt a world in thyself still to me.*

*Oh! 'tis thus when thy ringlets are streaming,
Thou'rt ever most lovely and bright;
And while merrily, merrily beaming,
Thine eye, love, is laughing in light.*

Scotsman.

The *Portlander* says that the reason why the Vermont and New-Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work!

Sacrifice of Life in the Army.—A certain source of decrease of the population of England is the maintenance of the army and navy in foreign countries, which requires a large number of recruits to supply the vacancies by deaths. A force of 20,000 men in the East Indies, 7,000 in the West Indies, and 13,000 in the Ionian isles, Canada, &c., will suffer 3,000 yearly deaths in time of peace; adding to which, 1,000 yearly deaths from shipwreck, we shall have 4,000 as the number of soldiers and sailors quitting England every year, and never returning.—*Edwards on Population.*

A Sketch.—Mr. Solomon Poll was a fat, flabby, pale man, in a surtout which looked green one minute and brown the next, with a velvet collar of the same camelion tints. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry tweak which it had never recovered. Being short-necked and asthmatic, however, he respired principally through this feature; so, perhaps, what it wanted in ornament it made up in usefulness.—*Boz.*

Self-consciousness in most men flashes across the field of life like lightning over a benighted plain. The sage has the art to compel it into his lamp and detain it there, and is thus enabled to explore the region that we are born into and dwell in, and which is nevertheless so unknown to most of us.

Will is the root; knowledge the stem and leaves; feeling the flower.

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